



East Bay  
FOOD NOT BOMBS



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# East Bay Food Not Bombs

2nd Edition

Bricolage by  
Lydia Gans and Cary  
Karacas



Like everything that comes out of Food Not Bombs, this book happened because a lot of people wanted it to be. We just facilitated the process.

Lydia did most of the photographs and writing. Cary also did some writing, in addition to the design and layout. Elisa contributed some great photographs. The artwork was done by Nunzio, Moby, and Keith McHenry.

Food Not Bombs is an important part of our lives, and we look forward to sharing it with you.

Lydia Gans and Cary Karacas

Spring 2000



# The Universal Declaration of Human Rights

Article 25, Part 1: Everyone has the right to a standard of living adequate for the health and well-being of himself (sic) and of his family, including *food, clothing, housing* and *medical care* and *necessary social services*, and *the right to security* in the event of unemployment, sickness, disability, widowhood, old age or other lack of livelihood in circumstances beyond his control.

## A Food Not Bombs Primer

Food Not Bombs was formed in Boston in 1980 as an outgrowth of the anti-nuclear movement in New England. We are committed to the use of non-violent direct action to change society. It is by working today to create sustainable ways of living that prefigure the kind of society we want to live in that we build a vital and caring movement for progressive social change. Food Not Bombs serves food as a practical act of sustaining people and organizations, not as symbolism. Thousands of meals are served each week by FNB groups in North America, Europe and Australia.

East Bay Food Not Bombs formed in 1991 around protest actions against the Gulf War. We serve meals every week day in Peoples' Park, Berkeley, and on Sundays in downtown Oakland. Additionally, in solidarity with other progressive organizations we serve at demon-





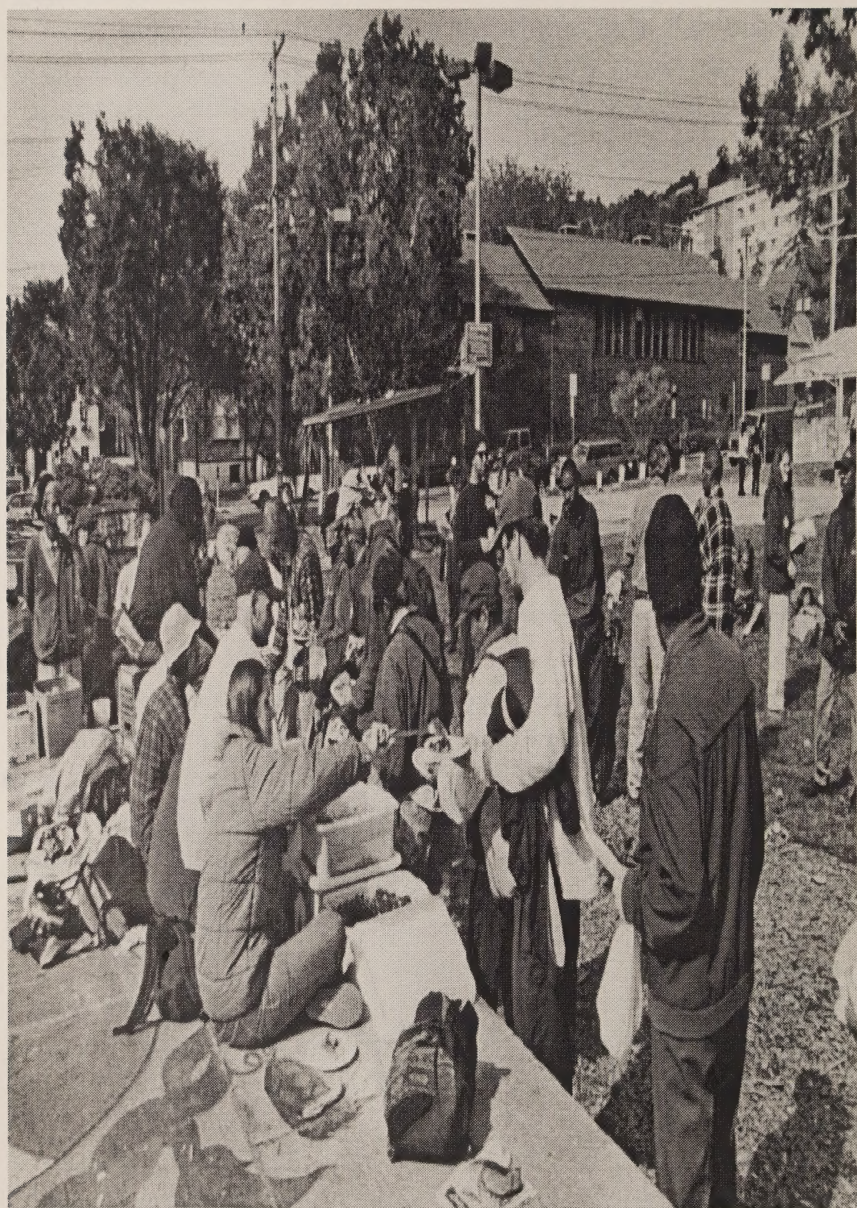
Let's think about FOOD. There are tens of millions of people around the world who don't get enough food to sustain themselves. And, right here at home in the San Francisco Bay Area there are many people who are hungry or at the risk of going hungry. Yet vast quantities of food are thrown away every day; dumpsters are filled with bread and produce that get hauled off to the landfills. Salvaging some of that food and turning it into nutritious meals is part of our mission.

Lets think about BOMBS and the obscene amounts of money spent on armaments. Our government either wages war or sells arms to others to wage wars. As we write this, our government is bombing the city of Belgrade, Yugoslavia. It's very, very hard to buck that powerful war machinery but we have to keep trying — engaging in protests, and feeding our friends and allies in the struggle. Powerful collective action has succeeded in forcing the government to change its course in the past.

Food Not Bombs is different in many ways from all the other organizations that run food programs. First, our meals are vegetarian, and usually vegan. Second, our meals are served outdoors. This is done for a number of reasons: to show to the larger public that hunger is a daily problem that people must deal with, and to fulfill the mission of People's Park as a place where people can go to meet the needs of the body. The weekday meals in People's Park where folks sit in little groups on the grass encourage an open, community spirit. It runs counter to the usual practice of hiding poor people away in church basements while they get a meal. We are not a charity or a religious entity. No prayers are required, no deity is thanked. We are a collective sharing food among ourselves and the greater community. We sit and eat with the people who we serve, and recruit helpers from among them.

East Bay Food Not Bombs is a big operation. We are a group of committed people who have to do a lot to keep the whole thing going. Cooking, serving, gathering, cleaning, transporting, meeting, connecting with others — we'll describe our whole process and introduce you to the people who take part in it.







# Food Not Bombs and People's Park

East Bay Food Not Bomb's history is inextricably linked to People's Park. The park has been a major site of struggle for over thirty years. The Regents of the University of California claim to own the land, and have continuously attempted to destroy People's Park through such aggressive acts as fencing it in, proposing to build student housing on the site, installing volleyball courts that no one ever wanted, and daring to suggest the removal of the vital support services that take place there. Many brave activists and visionaries have fought back through the years, though, and have prevented the Regents from taking complete control of People's Park.

As long as we continue to come together in solidarity and defend the park and its purpose—as a place where ALL people are able to gather to meet the needs of the body, to rest, to have access to open space, to be able to eat and clothe oneself, meet others, build community, and finally, unite in resistance and attempt to create a viable alternative to the oppressive nature of capitalist society—the university will have a formidable opponent in this struggle in and over what it truly public space.

East Bay Food Not Bombs is proud to be a fundamental part of that struggle. We claim People's Park as belonging to all people, especially those living in the margins of society, every time we share a meal. We claim the park as user-controlled and user-developed when we build the Free Box in order to make a place where clothes may be donated and then used. We claim the park when we rebuild the Free Speech stage, and when we serve food at People's Park anniversary celebrations and political or musical events.

Everyone needs a place to go, a place to feel welcome, a place to simply be. In these difficult times, when capitalist racist patriarchy has launched an all out class war against the most economically, socially and culturally marginalized people of our society, that need is all the more important yet all the more difficult to meet. People's Park has been and must continue to be one of those places.



Free speech



Free food





Free clothing



Freedom of expression!

Sentiment without  
action is the ruin of  
the soul.

Edward Abbey

# What we do





## COOKING



The owner of the Rockridge Cafe joined us for a meal recently and said that our food is as good as anything served by a gourmet cook. Our secret is simply that our meals are prepared with loving care, with heart. They have to look good, taste good and be nutritious.

Preparation of a meal goes something like this: Somebody - usually a meal coordinator - goes to one of

the two houses where we have our large refrigerators and storage areas and selects the produce, grain, legume and whatever else is necessary and brings it to that day's cookhouse. There might be rice, bulgur, polenta, red beans, black beans, lentils... the choice depends on what is available and how much time there is for cooking it. At the cookhouse - some are student co-op houses and some are private homes, a different one for each day of the week -- the big pots of slow cooking items are put on. Then the vegetables and fruits are tackled.

We share food with 60 to 100 people a day, which comes out to be a lot of food! It means processing many boxes of produce. Vegetables, like zucchinis, peppers, tomatoes, and all

sorts of greens, all have to be picked over, the bad sections discarded and the rest of it chopped. That's a lot of chopping! Root vegetables like turnips, carrots, radishes, daikon or beets are usually still good and crisp but their green tops may have started to get slimy. The wire ties have to be removed before the slimy greens can be put into the compost with the rest of the green waste.

Sometimes we have lettuce and other ingredients for a green salad. Or we might make a salad out of grated carrots and other root vegetables. And, there is usually enough fruit of various kinds to make a fruit salad. What kind of dishes are prepared depends on what there is and how many people there are to do it. It takes about three to four hours to make the meal.

The veggies are then cooked: boiled, baked and often stir fried in sesame oil with onions and garlic. Then, everything is mixed and seasoned. Here's where experience and understanding comes in. We might mix onions and peppers with beans and have rice or polenta with tomatoes and use Mexican seasoning. If





lentils are the basis of the meal we would serve it Indian style with curry and masala or Middle Eastern style with cumin, coriander and ginger. With potatoes and some root vegetables a European meal can be put together, seasoned with basil, rosemary, sage and caraway seeds. The possibilities are many.

The meal is ready. There are one or two main dishes, maybe a vegetable salad or separate vegetable dish, a fruit salad or possibly slices of melons or whole fruits, bread and/or bagels and often wonderful fresh juices and pastries. We are committed to serving only vegetarian food. Almost all of what we prepare is vegan, except for the pastries and pizzas that are occasionally donated.



















Ahhhhh, coffee!

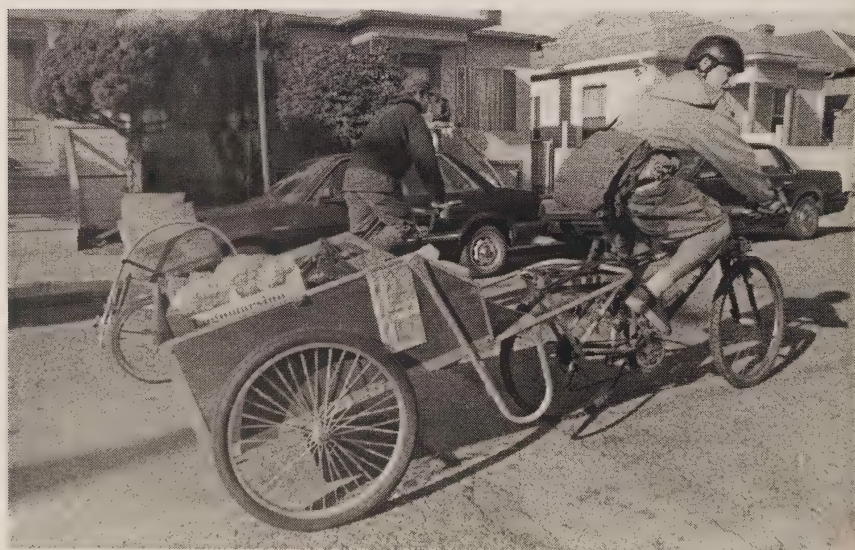


## TRANSPORTATION

Heavy boxes of produce, breads and juices have to be brought from the donors to Whitney Street and Judy's house where we store them, and from there to the cookhouses. The meals, in huge pots, buckets or bus tubs have to be transported to the Park and the Sunday Oakland serving. Compost and broken up cartons have to be hauled away. It would be very hard to do all this without the Food Not Bombs truck.

The truck is a sad looking beast — a '77 Toyota given to us years ago by a Food Not Bomber who was moving on and preferred to move on without it. Arthur performs amazing feats of mechanical magic to keep the machine running. The poor old thing breaks down with some regularity. We've all learned to put the shift lever back into its socket when it pops out in the driver's hand, though it's pretty traumatic the first time it happens.

In addition to the truck, Judy's and Lydia's old Toyota hatchbacks-with backs that have to be held up with broomsticks—are handy for transporting the meals to the Park. Other FNB'ers vehicles get pressed into service too, for the frequent emergencies and amazingly, someone seems to appear from out of town







with a roomy van just in time to rescue a meal when the truck has broken down.

We also have alternatives to ecologically unfriendly vehicles. There is the NARF, a sweet little

electric vehicle like a golf cart which can transport meals and is fun to drive. And, we have a cart that is propelled by people power which is used for transport between Chateau and the Park and sometimes has to be employed for longer hauls.

Then there are the bicycles. Matt sometimes manages to carry amazing amounts of stuff on his bike, like the time he managed to bring a whole case of good broccoli that he found in a dumpster to Judy's house. Nick, who decided to shun gas powered vehicles on principle, rounded up a couple of bike carts and convinced Darrell to join him in transporting the food from Whitney street all the way up to Lothlorian. And there was the day that Dress made two consecutive trips from Whitney Street up to Chateau to haul all the food and utensils in the cart behind his bike. That's the stuff of which legends are made.



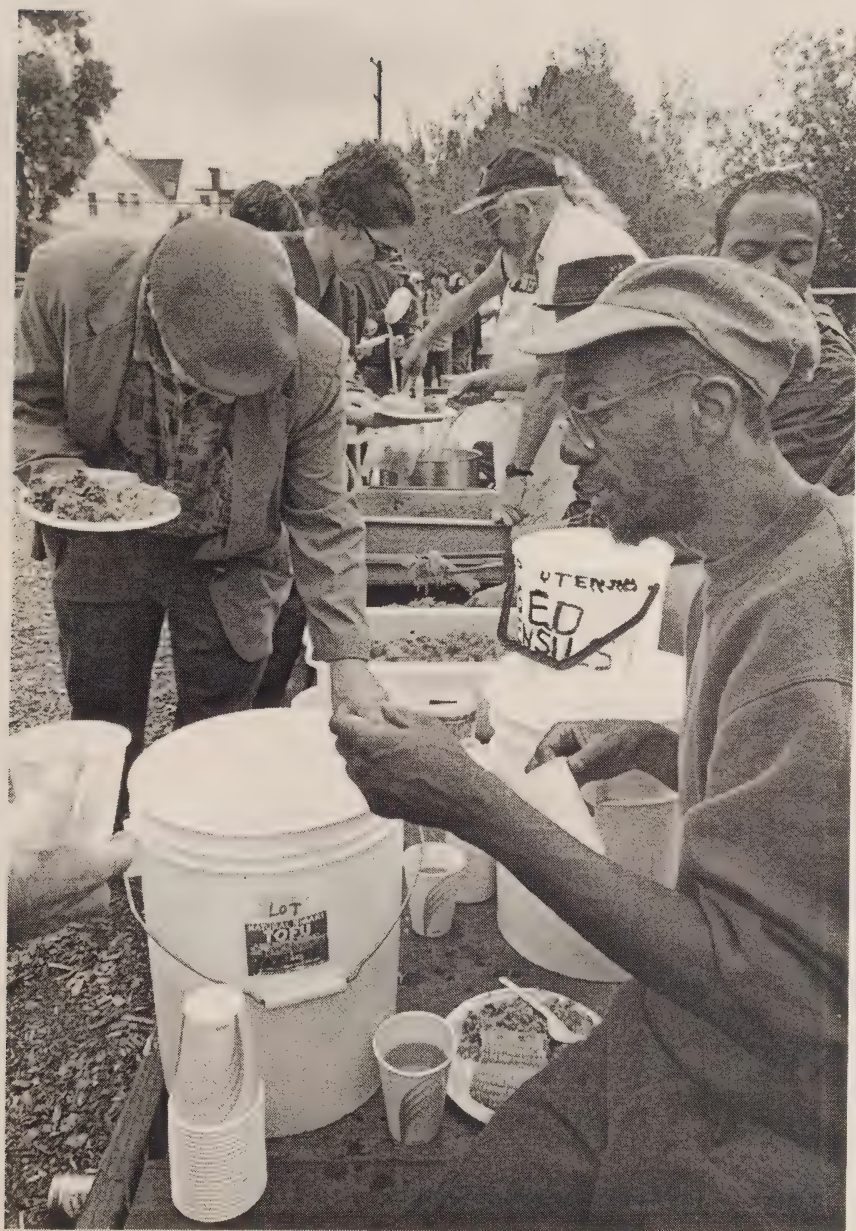


## SERVING AND EATING

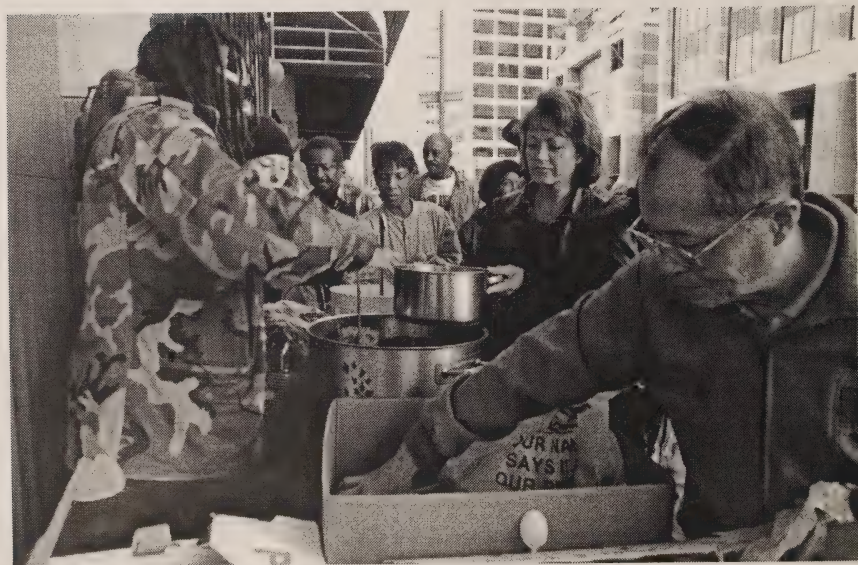
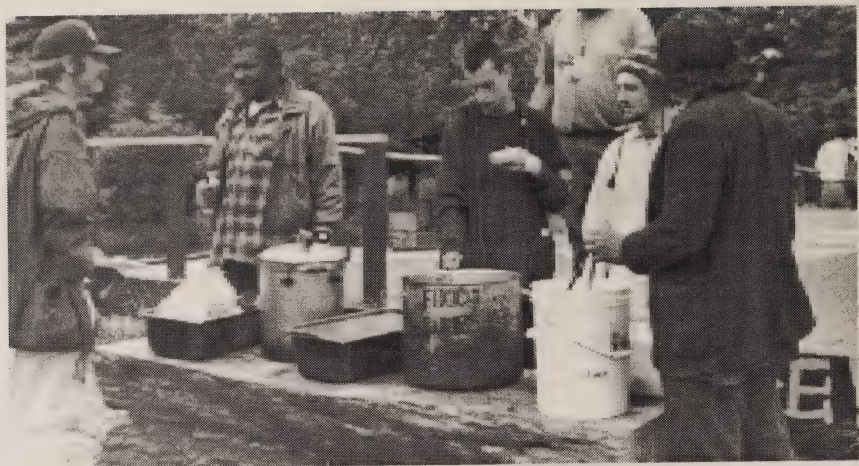


For most of us, the time spent in the Park, or in downtown Oakland for the Sunday meal, is the best part of the process. This is the time when the whole community participates. People help unload the vehicles and bring the food to the Free Speech stage. We call for volunteers to help serve and finally, we can all sit down with our friends and enjoy the meal.

The process of getting the meal out to everyone does require some thought and attention. We ask people to recycle the plastic forks and encourage them to bring their own dish or food container. There are people in the Park who get, from time to time, boisterous or argumentative, or engage in other inappropriate behavior. Though most of the folks will stand patiently in line until we get everything set up, some people try to snatch bottles of juice before we get a chance to distribute them.















## What do you think of Food Not Bombs?

M.C. Roddela: I love the community, I love the food, I love the spirit. I like that we have determination and dedication... We make really good food and we really are some glue to the community, tenacious.

Al: I love Food Not Bombs, it's the most nutritious meal that I eat most days. Really good food, I eat there a lot, it helps me survive. I might be dead without it. And, long live the free box!

Denita: I love Food Not Bombs. They should always be around.

Cleopatra: I like Food Not Bombs because they have

good food. Some of the best food in town.

Ron: What do I think of Food Not Bombs? I think it's nutritional, I think it's a valuable asset for people out here on the street and people just coming for food. Get something good to eat. It's not a stereotype type of place where you have to be a certain way or look a certain way. You just come and enjoy the food. I wish people had more hearts of gold like Food Not Bombs.

Danny: I love FNB. I like going over to Chateau and cutting up food every now and then. It's a good kind of community thing. I like to see everybody eat, it's kind of nice for everybody to get together and have something to eat. And this is a beautiful day.

David: How would I live without FNB?

Ed: It's part of my community. What's that saying about home as the place where they can't throw you out? I don't think I've been thrown out of People's Park yet — by any of the residents. Maybe the cops have frowned at me but I stay away from them ... I just find myself here.

Jamboree: I come to FNB because I'm starving to death and I need something to fucking eat... The food is good, a big jamboree. I like it but they need more meat, man. I love to eat meat even though a lot of the people here don't. And the people are great, the Park's great, the cops suck.



## Perhaps the World Ends Here

The world begins at a kitchen table. No matter  
what,  
we must eat to live.

The gifts of earth are brought and prepared, set on  
the  
table. So it has been since creation, and it will go  
on.

We chase chickens or dogs away from it. Babies  
teethe  
at the corners. They scrape their knees under it.

It is here that children are given instructions on what  
it means to be human. We make men at it,  
we make women.

At this table we gossip, recall enemies and the  
ghosts  
of lovers.

Our dreams drink coffee with us as they put their  
arms  
around our children. They laugh with us at our  
poor  
falling-down selves and as we put ourselves back  
together once again at the table.

This table has been a house in the rain, an umbrella  
in the sun.

Wars have begun and ended at this table. It is a  
place  
to hide in the shadow of terror. A place to celebrate  
the terrible victory.

We have given birth on this table, and have pre-  
pared  
our parents for burial here.

At this table we sing with joy, with sorrow.  
We pray of suffering and remorse.  
We give thanks.





## SOLIDARITY



There's more to us than meets the eye — or the stomach. Though our main mission is to prepare and serve our daily meals, we're really part of a much larger movement for peace and justice in our community and beyond. We're uniquely qualified to play a role in that struggle. Every fighter, every demonstrator, marcher, protester, letter writer, speech maker and so on, needs nourishment for the body as well as the soul.

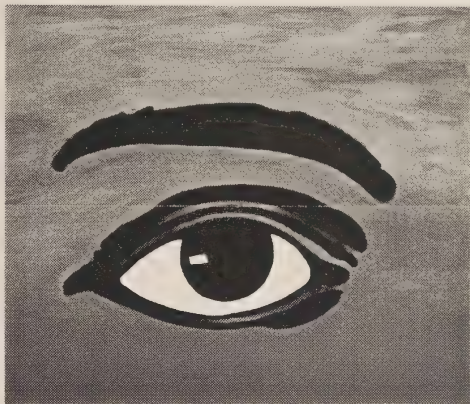


If there's demonstration for a cause that's close to our hearts we'll show up with a pot of food or lemonade and bagels. Often the planners of an event will ask us to provide snacks or a meal or more. We served delicious meals for a weekend conference of the War Tax Resisters, we've been in front of City Hall with soup to nourish our friends who would speak up at a contentious city council meeting. One of our biggest gigs was Critical Resistance, a conference on the insidious nature of the burgeoning U.S. prison industry. Over three thousand people participated, and we provided breakfast and lunch for up to several hundred of them.

Preparation for a special event involves people and planning. Extra food donations have to be asked for and picked up, or if there is money provided, careful shopping has to be done. Sometimes the timing works out so that the crew doing the day's

meal can just prepare a bit more than usual. Otherwise we have to get a group together and find a place to cook a special meal. Sometimes there is money to pay our expenses, occasionally a group gives us enough to cover our costs and add a bit to our always meager bank account.

We also have a field kitchen that comes in handy for solidarity events. The field kitchen has traveled to protests from Headwaters to Ward Valley and we frequently set it up in People's Park for special events. There are always plenty of people to help when we cook in People's Park so the meal preparation becomes part of the happening.



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PRISONS. SURVEILLANCE. PUNISHMENT. REPRESSION.  
JOIN US IN BUILDING A CAMPAIGN TO RESIST THE EXPANSION OF THE PUNISHMENT INDUSTRY

**CRITICAL RESISTANCE:**  
**BEYOND THE PRISON INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX**  
A NATIONAL CONFERENCE AND STRATEGY SESSION



## CLEAN UP



Washing dishes, and even worse, washing pots, is probably number one on most peoples' list of least favorite chores. The cooking crew sometimes has to go to the Park to serve, leaving the cleanup until after the meal. On some days they can recruit help from among the folks in the Park. Also, we have a few Food Not Bombers who don't have time to cook but who take the responsibility for cleaning up the mess we leave in the cookhouse.

Another part of the cleanup process is breaking down and recycling all of the boxes that contained the produce and juices bottles. We try to rinse out and recycle the bottles too, though sometimes we run out of





time and energy and just toss them into a dumpster.

And there's Whitney Street. No matter how hard people try, and how many notes Adam posts, more food than can be used will accumulate and begins to go bad. Every few weeks when things get really bad a crew assembles, cleans out the refrigerator and disposes of much of the accumulated mess.





## COMPOSTING



Green waste generated at a couple of the cook houses is taken off our hands by ASUC's (Associated Students) composting operation. We do our own composting at Aileen Street house and at the People's Park garden, in addition to helping Adam with it at Whitney Street house. Good compost, that dark, rich, sweet smelling material which enriches the soil and nourishes the next crop of fruits and vegetables is a wonderful sight. It's nice to see it spread over the Peoples' Park gardens and other community gardens around town.





## MEETINGS

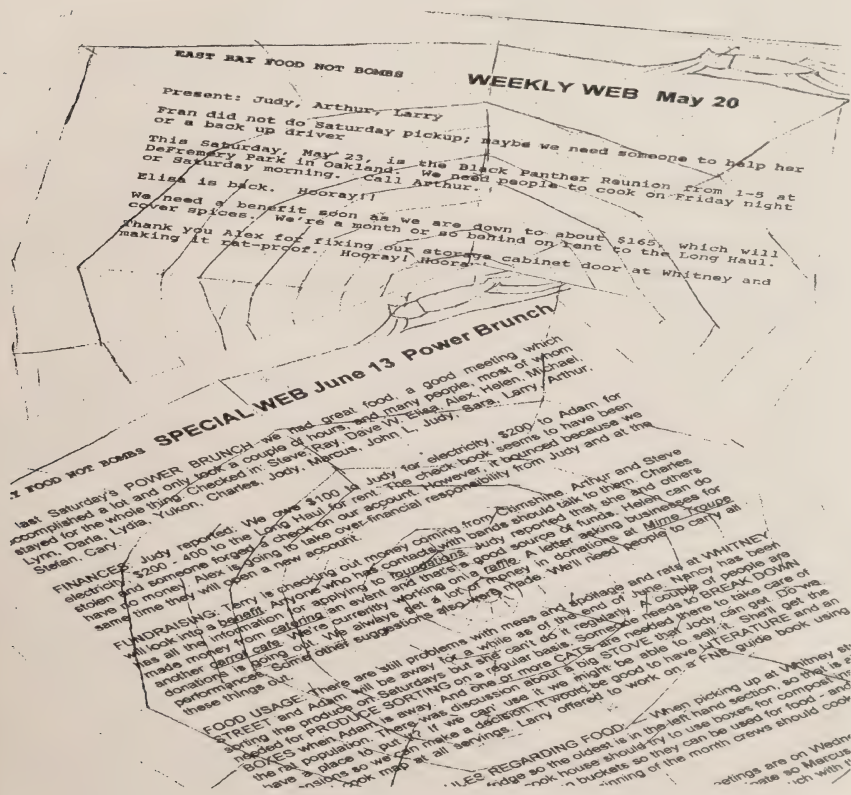
Meetings are rarely people's favorite activities — unless they're bureaucrats. And **NOBODY** in Food Not Bombs is a bureaucrat. Hierarchical structure, formal procedures, decisions by majority rule which ignore the wishes of the minority are the antithesis of our beliefs and practices. We have no elected officers or leaders, everyone takes responsibility for what needs to be done and no one gives orders. Meetings are run by a facilitator. We don't operate by Roberts Rules of Order, we don't make motions or take votes. Rather, decisions are made by consensus after each person has had a chance to present their ideas and express their opinions. The process can take a long time, especially if there are difficult decisions to be made. In the end, though, everyone is usually satisfied and therefore committed to carry through on what has been decided.

Most of the time our meetings are simple and straightforward. We get together every Wednesday evening to review the past week, pinpoint any possible problems in the upcoming week, report on general state of affairs and discuss actions or



events coming up that we might participate in — for FNB, participation means provide food, in addition to possibly tabling and protesting. Meetings always begin with everyone present checking in, announcements and a review of the past seven days. Money is a subject that generally comes up since there is almost always a shortage of it. Also, supplies that need to be purchased, and equipment, such as vehicles and pressure cookers, that need to be repaired are frequent topics of discussion.

It would be nice to be able to say that we have efficient meetings, always starting on time, smoothly going through the agenda without digressions and finishing at a reasonable hour — but, well, that wouldn't be entirely true. Periodically we have to make a resolution to start promptly at 8:30, to avoid long, rambling discussions, and to end at a reasonable hour. We'll even stick to it for a while.





## **East Bay Food Not Bombs retreat at Slide Ranch, Marin County**







## OUR DONORS

Without the people who donate the food we use, none of this could happen. We are grateful to all our donors. There are some who are very, very special.

Thanks to Bill Fujimoro, owner of Monterey Market, which provides much of our produce. Twice a week Valentin and his crew, Jerman, Simon, Trino, Tim and George load up our truck with crates of fruits and vegetables. And not only do they bring the boxes out to the parking lot, they help put them into the truck. And there were occasions when they went way beyond the call of kindness, once helping us change a flat tire (in truth, they changed it while we stood by and tried to look useful) and at other times doing little repairs to hold parts of the truck together.

Then there's Corn Cheaps. Steve, Bill, Rusty, Lorraine and the gang give us dozens of bottles of wonderful, healthy juices a few times a week. We also get great quantities of interesting and delicious breads from Grace Bakery, Acme Bread Company and genuine bagels from Boogie Woogie Bagel Boy. The finest cakes and pastries come to us from Just Deserts once or twice a week. Sometimes it's just a few pastries to nourish the cooking crew but on occasion there are fabulous and exotic cakes. If we don't serve them at a regular meal they get frozen and used for special events.

Last but certainly not least of our regular and much appreciated donors is Bill Chung, owner of Rockridge Cafe. Their bags of yesterday's seasoned hash browns form the foundation for one of Tuesday's delicious entrees. Bill has long been supportive of Food Not Bombs.

Berkeley Bowl lets us come in at the end of the week and take the leftover produce which sometimes include such special items as portabella mushrooms or unusual vegetables. We pick up bread from Whole Foods market, great thick pots of soup from the Macrobiotic Center, and occasionally a bonanza in delicious pizzas from the Cheeseboard. Every few months Edensoy gives us cases of soy milk, boxes of organic pasta, cans of beans, rice from Bhutan or

other interesting and exotic items. The vendors at the weekly Farmers' Markets are always very generous in giving us some of their wonderful fresh fruits and vegetables at the end of the day.

For those of us who do the pickups, it's always like a birthday surprise, as we never know what the next box will contain. We are grateful to the business owners for their donations and we appreciate the workers in all these places who are so friendly and helpful when we come to load up our vehicles.





# A Food Not Bombs Tuesday

## by Judy Foster

Another Tuesday: The cookhouse is here at my house. I go downstairs early to check out the three-door fridge. What do we have to work with today? Jill did the Monterey Market pick up yesterday, left some of the boxes of produce here and took the rest to our other commercial fridge on Whitney Street.

Let's see ... a box of cauliflower just beginning to turn brown, two boxes of baby turnips, one box of an unknown root veggie, two bags of bean sprouts that probably need composting, three boxes of green, red and yellow bell peppers, two boxes of collard greens still in pretty good shape, a small box of zucchini, a box of broccoli beginning to yellow and three boxes of snow peas that need sorting. Stacked under a long table are three boxes of assorted melons, a box of pineapples, three large, ripe Mexican papayas and a box of apples. Hmmm — looks like a good fruit salad, that's for sure. I wait for other people to show up. Hopefully many will, we've got a lot of prep work to do. The crew has changed a bit in the last few months. Stewart, Paul and Peter have regular jobs and Lauren has moved. But new people have begun to fill in. Again.

Matt is the first to arrive. He and his bike come over on BART every Tuesday. Matt's been doing FNB a long time - he knows how things go. (He also has a special relationship with my cat.) Lydia, another Tuesday regular, drives up and we help her unload. She always stops at Corn Cheaps for boxes of returned juice and salsa, Rockridge Cafe for left-over homefries and muffins, Just Deserts for pastries and cookies and Boogie Woogie Bagel Boy — for bagels, of course.

Today there seem to be enough bottles of juice for everyone. (Juice is the one item that still inspires a feeding frenzy among many of those who eat with us. When we think there won't be enough to hand out individual bottles, we pour all the fruit juices into a bucket, call it fruit punch and ladle it

into cups.) We sort the boxes, dump the juice that has gone bad, and put all the good carrot juices in boxes to be set on the side of the stage for people to take. As carrot is less popular, people don't get so grabby over it. A lot of the loaves of bread I picked up on Saturday from Grace Bakery will go on the side of the stage, as well as the bagels and the box of apples.

There's ten pints of mild salsa and two of spicy bean dip, lots of home fries but not enough sweets to take to the Park. We survey our ingredients: the salsa and dip will be great seasoning for the red beans I put to soak last night. The bountiful bags of home fries go upstairs to be heated up in pans in the oven. They'll need extending if they're to serve as the starch and with all those veggies stove space will be a priority. Bulgur wheat is good in situations like this, you don't have to cook it, just put it in a bucket to soak.

So, we'll have red beans with salsa, potatoes and bulgur, a fruit salad, with bread, bagels, apples and bottles of juice to give away. But what about the veggies? Hmm. By this time, Lily and her seven-year-old son Chance have arrived, as has Robin. Nunzio hasn't called so we can expect him a bit later. He'll help with fruit salad, deal with the bread, and get the serving box together.

We confer about the vegetables. The roots and collard take a lot of prep, a long time to cook and don't go with the cauliflower and broccoli which needs to be used today. We can leave them for Wednesday or Thursday. Let's use the zucchini, some of the bell peppers and pea pods, and onions on hand, all to go with the cauliflower and broccoli. Matt suggests curry — sounds great. We all get busy.

It's a sunny day. Warm enough to do the messy prep outside on the backyard picnic table. Matt and Robin go to work on the broccoli and cauliflower there. Lily and Chance, who is remarkably focused and helpful for his age, take the pea pods upstairs to the kitchen table. Lydia brings up the zucchini and I the onions, peppers, potatoes and bulgur.

We wash and peel and chop and cook and listen to music and tell each other stories. Jim, who is new to Tuesday, appears around noon and is put to work on the fruit salad outside.

By 1:45 the beans are done, the potatoes and bulgur are



packed in the car. Matt and Nunzio carry the heavy bean pot downstairs. The fruit salad is almost finished but the vegetables aren't all cooked. Will we be ready to leave on time? Only the stove and the veggies know.

The hardest part is getting out of here on time. Everyone helps clean up; we dump compost, sweep floors, break up boxes, pile up used bowls, pots, bus tubs. Finally the vegetables are cooked, combined and seasoned with curry, cayenne, cumin seed, black mustard seed and garlic. Yum! We quickly pack up and are on our way.

We arrive at Peoples' Park just about on time and are greeted by some regulars who always help unload, as well as some new folks. They carry the heavy pots, bus tubs and boxes to the stage. They know how to arrange the food: serve the food in front and put give-aways on the side. Nunzio stays with the boxes of juice bottles, handing them out one at a time.

The food is ready and the folks are lined up. But we need two more servers before we can begin. I announce this and after a thoughtful pause, two people jump up on the stage; the meal can begin.

I go down the line and hand out plates, as well as razors and condoms the Free Clinic has given us to distribute, and sheets of useful information (location of shelters, week-end meals, clinic, etc.). Lots of Food Not Bombers are in the line: Steve, Helen, Marcus, Nick, others. Osha, who's repainting the Peoples' Park mural on the building down the street. A young father and his two-year-old daughter. A young man and woman I recognize from a street youth organizing meeting to which I'd brought left-over soup last night. A lot of folks I haven't seen before, as well as many I know from years of Tuesdays. I get a hug from a guy who remembers me from '92, saying Food Not Bombs saved his life.

Just as Food Not Bombs keeps changing, evolving, so does the community of those who come to eat with us. We have earned respect. People are OK with lining up, waiting their turn. They do not quarrel with each other and those who have a beef with each other take it somewhere else. Everyone knows that s/

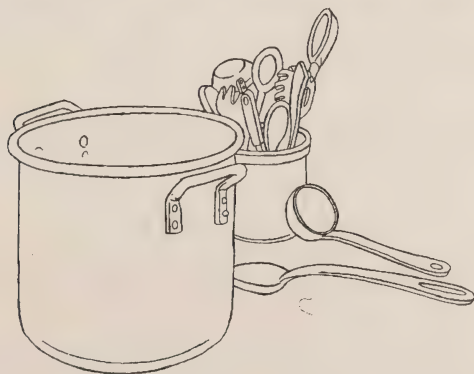
he is respected and will have his/her share. There is enough for all. People tend to be good to each other, responsive to our requests. An increasing number of folks are remembering to bring their own plates and utensils, as well returning the used plastic forks.

The line for seconds has ended and even the late comers have been fed. Time to pack up. I thought we'd have left-overs but everything is gone, except some of the curried vegetables and fruit salad, just enough to take to "Tree Radio Berkeley", free local broadcasting temporarily atop a tree in a nearby park, in defiance of the FCC ruling that the air waves belong only to those with enough corporate money to buy them. We leave a plastic bag full of bread and the remaining apples on the stage, tidy up and drive off.

Matt and I drive back to my house — all other Tuesday folks have already left. We drive up to find Terry W. who arrived after we left, washing pots downstairs in the big sinks. He has just enough time in his life to show up every Tuesday and clean. We unload the car, Matt takes off on his bike and I go upstairs to collapse in a chair. It's almost 5:00, I've been up and running since 9 A.M. — a long day.

I love Food Not Bombs, this wonderful, always changing, fragile/solid group of people who take part in the hard, time-consuming, joyful work of building ways to help ourselves, to help each other within this amazing, destructive, heartless culture and ways to sustain those working to change it.

As Dylan says, "You gotta serve somebody."





## Food Not Bombs Song

Music: *Key to the Highway*/ Words by T. Com-

**E**

post

**B1**

**A1**  
Gimme a free lunch down at the Plaza  
**E** Hangin out with the Food Not Bombs crowd **B1** **E**  
I'm feeling so much better when I'm helping  
out

Cut me potatoes, cut some tomatoes  
I've cut squash in every color and size  
I've washed a hundred thousand cups now  
And that ain't no lie

Mr. Policeman don't take my bagel  
I'd give ya half of my stew  
If you would put down that pepperspray  
You wouldn't look so blue

Free Market, we're gonna rock ya  
in our caring and our sharing way  
When the free soup starts flowing  
gonna wash that greed away

Well hold your friends dear, keep your hat  
near

Whatever comes our way  
We'll be riding our high hopes to a rising day

It's a dewdrop or a teardrop  
That waters the sweet growing earth  
You didn't choose it this way, you were gifted with  
birth

One for the forest, one for the future  
One for the dear glowing day  
Yeah, one more try now for a better way

Give me a free lunch, up in the park  
Hanging out with the friendly crowd  
I'm feeling so much better  
When I'm helping out



Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful committed people can change the world. Indeed it's the only thing that ever has.

Margaret Mead

# Who we are





## THE PEOPLE

Now that you've seen how complex the process is, you can appreciate the people who make it happen. As different as we are from each other, we share a commitment to FNB which drives us to take on big responsibilities, put in huge amounts of time and energy and work harder than most people would at a well-paying job -- and do all this freely and willingly without anyone ever telling anyone else what to do.

We cover a wide span of ages, from teenagers -- Stefan was just 13 when he started cooking with us, and he could bake a mean carrot cake by the time he was 14 -- to a couple of grandmothers in their sixties. Some of us are students, others have dropped out of school just for a break or perhaps for good. There are FNB'ers who are professionals or former professionals, others who work at low paying, fringe jobs in social services or as attendants to people with disabilities. We are people with full or part-time jobs on every level of skill, some who are employed only occasionally, or receiving SSI or another form of support.

Some of us grew up in comfortable homes with loving parents, while others had to experience growing up in dysfunctional families. We've all probably had some experience with the struggle for a decent life. Philosophically, many among us are anarchists. Some are of other radical persuasions and backgrounds. But politics is not requirement for participation in the FNB community.

All are welcome, and we find that an unlimited supply of good food and friendships can be enough to draw in enthusiastic workers.

Whatever originally brought us into FNB, it has become an important part of our lives. For the following section of this book we have asked (sometimes begged and pleaded) East Bay FNB'ers to write their own statements, to share their feelings and beliefs about our FNB collective, and what being in Food Not Bombs means to them. While not everybody contributed to this, the contributions you will find here give a sense of what we're all about.



## Arthur



We cook and share donated food because the very act of giving has become revolutionary in a society based on the exploitation of honesty and the destruction of the integrity of the natural world. We are trying to create a sustainable and health communal free food resource. A community's strength is its health, and since food is the foremost medicine, we choose to heal people with a diet that is beneficial. We serve grains and beans, organic if possible, fresh produce, and no additives or preservatives in our daily fresh-cooked vegan meals.

We see this process of community building in a holistic way. We are a very important part of the larger vision of Peoples' Park; the benefits to that community of free vegan food and the participatory nature of the consensus process



that provides it are social, emotional and spiritual. This means that it's good for people to work together for a common altruistic goal. It is our practical prayer that no one will go hungry today ... we can't live without community.

In many ways FNB is like a family and often enough will evidence the illnesses that pervade our existence. We are not impermeably good. We are human beings, unique individuals. We do this because we ALL need to be healed. It is a challenging creative process because it often relies on these tenuous, transitory, even passing relationships with what seems to be random individuals. These relationships may be transitory but they are only as shallow as we make them ... there is a deep well of understanding that can be shared with the food.

We are called Food Not Bombs because we are opposed to the use of violence in any form. We are most opposed to this institutionalized, corporatized, monopolized and completely depersonalized violence that upholds the moral wreck that we call a government. We don't deny that cooking food for the masses is hard work, but we know that it is better than throwing ourselves into the maelstrom of the war machine.

We are there when the police are applying pepper spray directly to the eyes of non-violent protesters. We are there when they are trying to cut the last stands of unprotected old growth forest. We are there when they are trying to dump nuclear waste in unlined trenches in the Mojave Desert. We are there when a multinational corporation is enacting a complicated legal fraud to divest many thousands of Navajo people of the land they were born on. We are there to protest institutionalized violence not just against people but against plants, trees, animals, ecosystems, the earth itself. When we share food we are protesting against violence to consciousness.

## Jody

The pleasures of life.  
Cooking and eating —  
what about sharing a little?  
Cooking takes color.  
The food ranges from  
baba ganoush to corn and  
beans.  
EAT it up – yummm!





## Charles and Darla



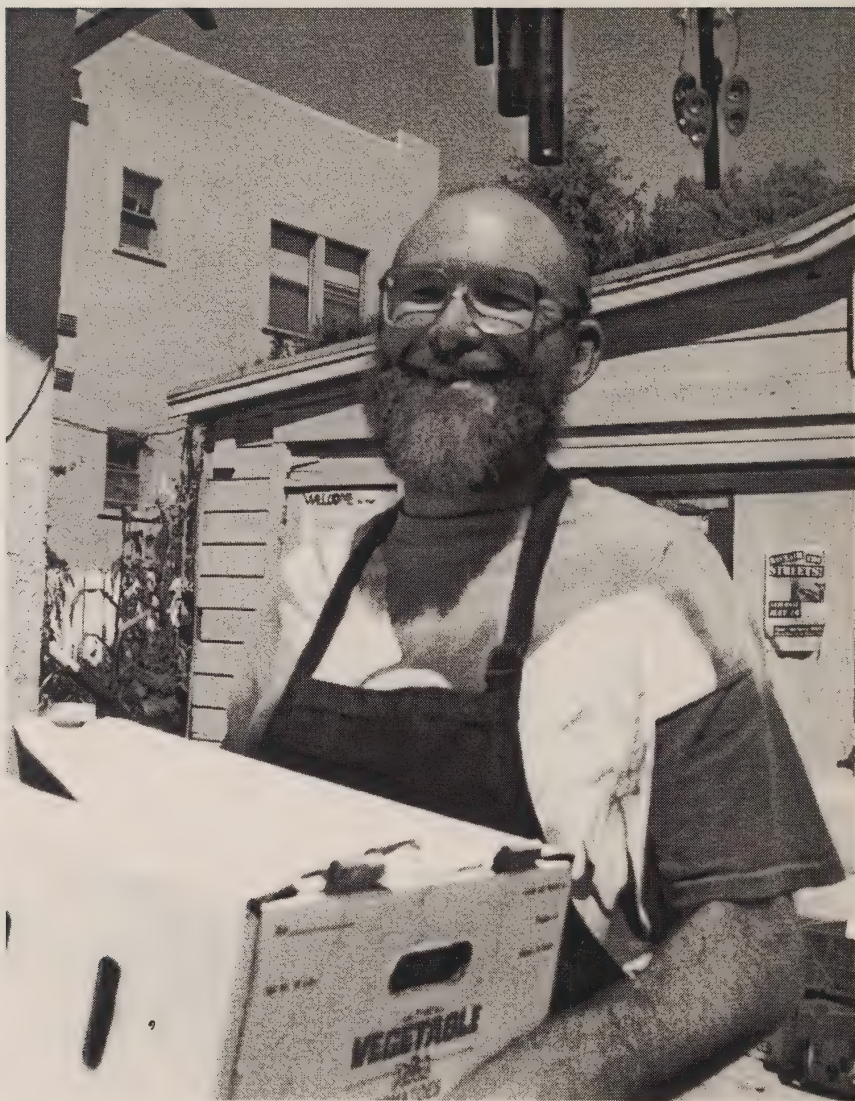
My dad and I are a part of East Bay Food Not Bombs. We cook food for homeless people and anybody else that is where we are when we are serving. I enjoy helping. There are a lot of different Food Not Bombs around. On Wednesday when I help, we cook at Chateau, then we bring it to Peoples' Park and serve it there. On other days we cook other places. On Wednesday and Thursday we cook at Chateau. I like helping there because it makes me feel like I am doing a good deed.

I know that people appreciate what we do! I like volunteering at Food Not Bombs. We feed a lot of people!



## Dress

aka Dave Weddingdress



I came to FNB in September 1997 as a way to reclaim myself as an activist. Eternal thanks to my good friend, Jim Haber, who works for Martin De Porres soup kitchen in SF, for advising me to get back into service work to get out of my own

malaise. I had done 5 years of intensive activism from 1983 until 1987, doing 5 busts a year for antinuclear and anti-imperialism actions. I got my name from wearing a wedding dress in one of the early actions at Livermore Labs, and I started wearing dresses daily in early 1984.

When I became a father in 1988, I pulled back from direct action to focus on family life. After separating from the mother of my two beautiful children, Arienna and Morgan, I lost direction, and getting back into political activism has really helped me find my balance and center again. I have found great excitement and satisfaction from participating in FNB, Free Radio Berkeley, Critical Mass, the Bike the Bridge! Coalition, Earth First! and now Tree Radio Berkeley. I also reclaimed my music in the last couple of years, having joined the Funky Nixons, my favorite band for some time.

I find FNB a great way to connect with people around all issues, and it so gratifying to be able to provide support to different actions through the medium of good, veggie food. I have always been fond of cooking, seeing it as a means to spread loving intention, and this has to be the finest manifestation possible. It has truly rejuvenated me to connect with the community involved in making FNB happen, and I hope to inspire many folks through this action to practice freedom and love. People have to wake up to the fact that the government and corporations are not about to give us the freedom we have been taught to think we have, we have to stand up (or sit down in some places), dance, sing, scream, hug, cry and take it.

THE PRICE OF FREEDOM IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE.  
Peace, Love & Anarchy

dress

## Darryl



I had to hesitate in even using the term “work” in reference to my many Food Not Bombs experiences. Why do I consider it an honor to be of service to my community in this manner? The respect and positiveness that I have fostered and created grows not only in me, but in every person I serve a wholesome and nutritious meal to. We are the Seed of All Tomorrows. Sustenance! Whoever thought I could subvert the system with a loaf of old bread? Thank you!



## Helen F.

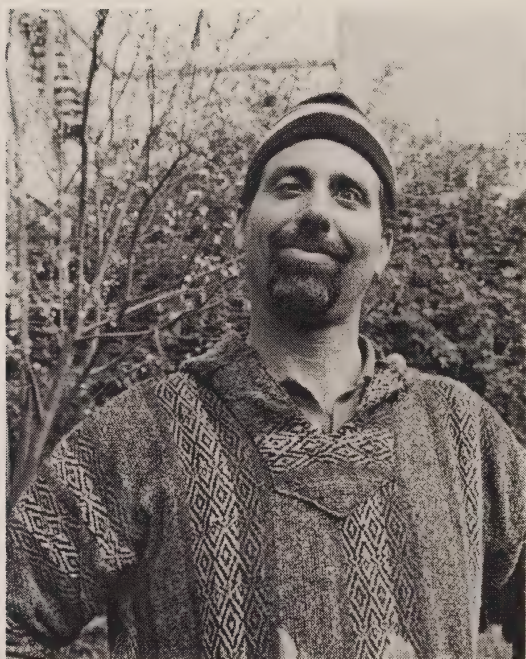


You might say I came to Food Not Bombs from the inside: long before I was a participant I was eating Food Not Bombs bagels at various demonstrations. I was active in several campaigns of solidarity with people's struggles against U. S. imperialism (most recently the Palestine Solidarity Committee).

I joined Food Not Bombs because it would give me a chance to work alongside people whose philosophy I agreed with. Also, it gave me a chance to do something concrete — I could help feed people who needed food.

Once I started cooking I discovered that I really loved it. I find joy in chopping ten onions, in sorting a carton of over-the-hill grapes, in stirring a huge pot of soup-of-the-day. I also take pleasure in seeing people come to eat our food. But this pleasure is mixed with outrage at an inhuman system, sadness at seeing people whose needs are not being met, and optimism that people can survive and struggle against great odds.

## Monk

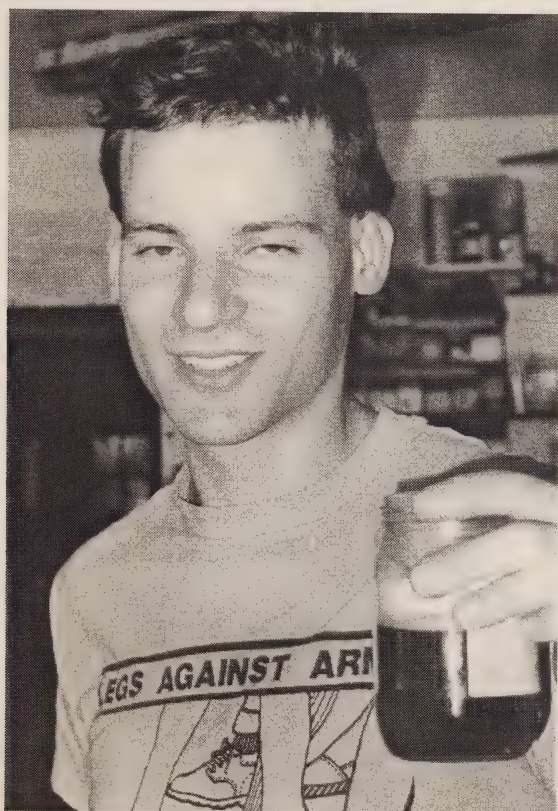


## Ray



## Nick

The greatest engine of constructive change in the the selfless offering of our hands to one another; the foulest interia of modern society are misuse, overuse, and the means by which these uses are violently justified. Food Not Bombs is a reaction to this, a realization of our collective ability to do something about it. Because we give a shit.





## Bonnie

The Joy of Cooking is not found inside a book:  
it is discovered within out gratitude for food.

I learned this after I began cooking for the hungry  
and saw produce leftovers, day-old bread and  
outdated juices become banquet for the soul.

It's a daily miracle made by everyday people;  
like water to wine, our challenge is to transform  
food discarded by the marketplace into a meal.

Today we have Japanese eggplant and English cucumbers,  
over-ripe tomatoes, pumpkins, bruised apples,  
black bananas, onions, and wilted chard.

We get out cutting boards and get to work  
while beans and rice are put on the stove to cook. –  
conversation weaves between the sounds of our preparations.

We come from different places: some are homeless,  
others scrape by, the rest are lucky,  
but we share a common hunger.

We want food not bombs, jobs not jails,  
provisions not promises,  
homes, education, and something more than leftovers.

Our work is creative and I see  
how preparing food can be nourishing in itself  
as we make our art by improvisation.

Realizing that a recipe for every taste and mood  
implies the privilege of choice.  
I've learned to make do, while we make lunch.

Our cooking is also collaborative, which means  
little comes out the way I imagine it.  
It's a Zen lesson in letting go.

One cook finds a bag of unmarked herbs  
and adds it to the beans.  
Fortunately you can barely taste the spearmint.

When it is ready, our meal is transported to People's Park.  
A few complain about the lack of juice selection:  
I like carrot, but know it is an acquired taste.

What wins them over is our eggplant, onion and chard stew with a hint of curry,  
and the warm, pumpkin, apple and banana bake brings forks back for seconds.  
Most grumbles subside once everyone is fed.

Towards the end, I fix myself a plate of food and join the others  
seated on the grass, taking a moment to look around  
and witness the community that has gathered.

In groups, caught up in conversation,  
not unlike meals around a table with family or friends,  
where so much of ourselves is shared along with the food.

And I smile at the joy we can all find in this cooking.



## Steve



I discovered Food Not Bombs by watching television. Seeing people arrested for sharing food with the poor, I saw they were both practicing compassionate communalism and standing their ground to coercive authority. I rushed to San Francisco to check it out and participate. But I settled in Berkeley and Oakland, and was rarely able to be in San Francisco. So my ability to stay involved was limited until Food Not Bombs formed in the East Bay.

In the context of the scene here, networking to become a focal point of a spontaneous, autonomous grass roots mutual aid community was straightforward. The East Bay radical tradition includes Peoples Park, one of the more successful attempts at a permanent autonomous zone in the U.S.; the legacy of the apartheid struggle; the Free Speech Movement and the rest of the campus activist history; the Black Panthers; the Berkeley street community and more.

We grow organically, chaotically in all directions from here, everyone creating a new story.

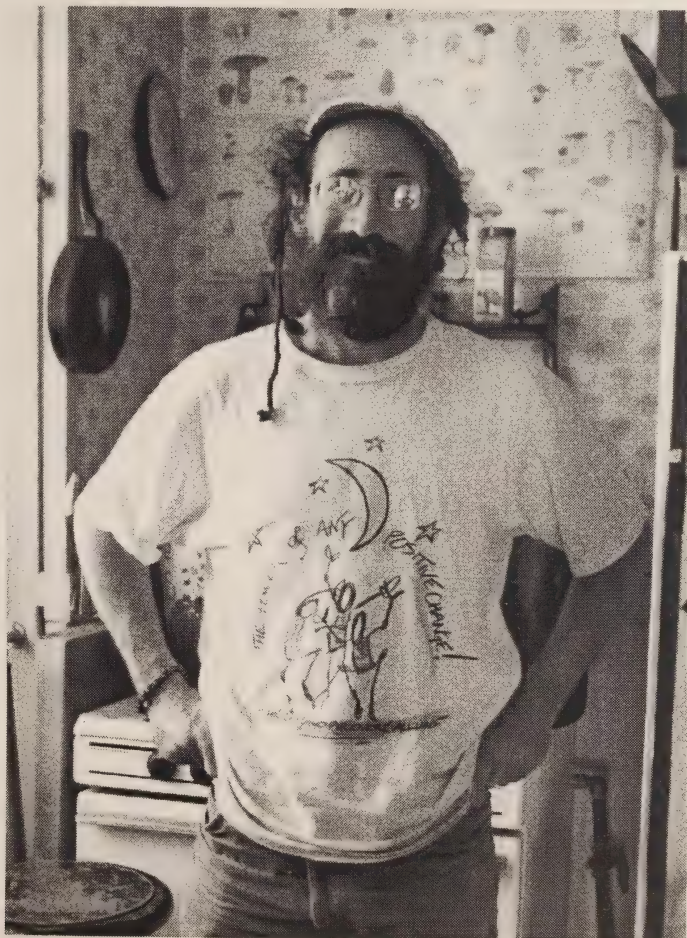


## John L

What I love about Food Not Bombs:

Anarchy, bread, compassion and caresses, demilitarization and dirty dishes. Elements, the environment, freedom, gorgeous gardens, and hogans. Integrity, justice, kudoes and liberation radio. Mulch, nonviolence. Oakland. Peace. Quantum sufficit, the Revolution, spices and the truth. Unity, visions, the worms and the work—xenophobia's defeat, youth in action, and the Zapatistas. Arugula, beets, cumin, daikon, eggplant, fococcia and frijoles, garlic and greens, honey, ice, an insatiable appetite for a better way of living and Indian food, jicama, kohlrabi, lentils,

miso,  
nettles,  
olive oil,  
persimmons,  
quinoa,  
rice with  
rosemary,  
spinach,  
tea,  
Uprisings,  
vegetable  
stew,  
wheat  
berries,  
xerophytes,  
yams and  
zucchini.



## Judy

I've been doing FOOD NOT BOMBS since the Gulf War ended. I've lived in Berkeley 25 years. I arrived just in time to see People's Park created and see the town turned into a World War II movie by our then governor, Reagan. Part of the reason I started working with FNB was to find out for myself what was going on in the Park. Was it really dangerous? Who really did use the Park and what was it like to be there? I lead a busy life and do not spend much time in parks ordinarily — doing FNB gave me a reason for being there.

I've been cooking for a living for the last 18 years. I've been truly involved in working for change through direct action ever since Three Mile Island. FOOD NOT BOMBS appealed to me as something real, something positive, something with immediate results that I could do — a place where my skills could be put to use.

I cook every Tuesday with anywhere from 2 to 10 other people. I love the people I work with. They are a creative, dedicated, hard working bunch. Our commitment (my life-long one) is to create community. We cook and serve to anyone who cares to eat, including each other — not as an act of charity, but to empower as well as nourish. We succeed in a modest way. The best you can do in these terrible times (the Kali Yuga, some call it) is to hold on to each other and work for change.

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I wrote the preceding paragraphs four years ago, for the first edition of this wonderful book. My thoughts and feelings about the work I do, the people I do it with, and why I do it, have not changed, merely deepened with time. I look at the photographs in the first edition — a third of the people are still here (In Food Not Bombsland, as Steve would say) a solid core of dear and trusted companions. Some have transferred skills developed working with Food Not Bombs to other contiguous struggles and enterprises, organizing community gardens, teaching permaculture, helping install appropriate technology in Chiapas, organizing in the ongoing struggles for affirmative

action, to save the forests, to protect Native American land from mining interests, to provide shelter for the homeless. Some have started Food Not Bombs in other places. Some, for whom Food Not Bombs was a life raft, have moved on and are hopefully doing well wherever they are.

This new edition has many new faces, as well as those from the last edition - quite a collection. There are those precious ones who've dived right in; those, equally precious, who've defined the part they can do and do it with constancy.

As an organization we remain a semi-permeable membrane — I find it somewhat alarming that our organization is rumored to be regarded as a model of stability among other FNB groups. As ever, we need committed people, as ever, money to

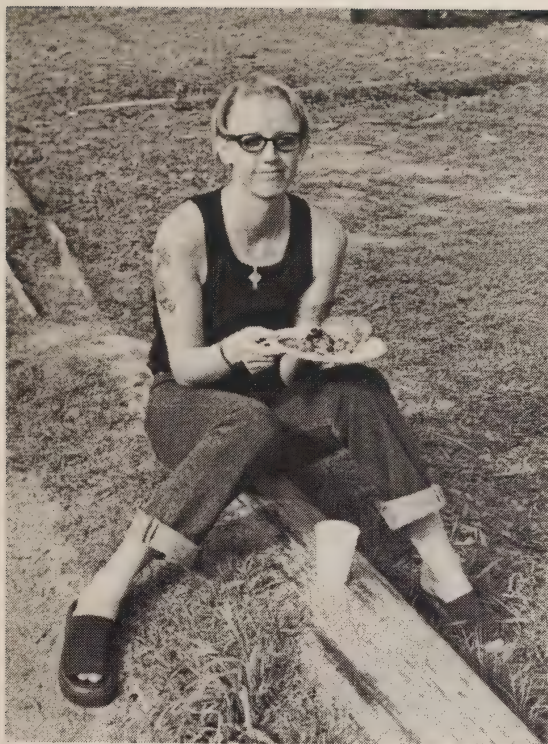
buy plates and forks, grains and beans, to pay for refrigerator electricity and keep the truck running (thanks to Arthur.) And we need people with vision and an eye for strategy, as well as those with constant hearts and a willingness to “turn their hands to struggle.”





## Chance and Lillie





Lillie: Hey Chance, you need to write a statement for the FNB book.

Chance: O.K. Here's my statement. "I am 9 years old. And I like cooking and serving because I like to help people."

- L: O.K.
- C: (comtemplating) *Is* doing Food Not Bombs helping people?
- L: Is it?
- C: .....ya!
- L: How?
- C: It makes it so people aren't hungry.
- L: What's your favorite thing about FNB?
- C: Playing in the park.
- L: What's your favorite part about cooking?
- C: Making salad dressing, because it always tastes good when I'm done.
- L: What's your favorite thing to eat at FNB? I know it's not salad, even with dressing.
- C: No, not salad. Melon.
- L: Melon? What about cookies?
- C: Cookies are pretty good too.
- L: Have you learned anything this last year at FNB?
- C: Yes. I've learned to cook a lot of things.



## Lydia

All my adult life I thought of cooking as a chore, like shopping and cleaning house for my large family. Connecting with FNB changed all that. The tedious jobs of chopping and preparing became a pleasure in the company of friends. Planning the meal, seasoning and tasting to get it just right, add to the joy of being able to provide nourishment for people who need and appreciate it.

I am intensely troubled by the deterioration of life all around us and I have for a long time tried to find ways to help bring about change. But it has only gotten worse, more people are hungry and homeless, angry and abusive, lonely and hurting. I realize that there is no way for one ordinary person to fix it all. But there are ways to change our immediate environment, to build a community which nurtures its members and makes little incremental changes which some day will add up to making a better world.





Participating in political actions is not enough. Voting, writing letters, marching and protesting, even using the judicial system, although necessary, hardly make an impact. Our government is unable to preserve our environment, to care for our people, to make sure that resources are spent on food, housing, health and education and not on weapons — on enhancing the quality of life, not the efficiency of death. I think that Food Not Bombs is a response. Participating in the Food Not Bombs community is a meaningful and positive political act.



## Matt



So why in the name of the gods would I choose to deal with the flying circus and often times logistical comedy of errors that is East Bay Food Not Bombs, instead of availing myself of the obvious benefits of mind and spirit-numbing wage slavery?

Perhaps because I enjoy the challenge of taking food that has been intercepted on its way to the dumpster (or sometimes recovered from the dumpster) and turning it into bona fide haute cuisine. It's way cooler than flipping burgers, and tastier too.

And what's more, it demonstrates by example that we really can cut the umbilical cord that constrains us to nebulous political/corporate entities and take charge of our lives. Whether it's reclaiming our food, our streets, or our electromagnetic spectrum, self-empowerment is the fundamental principle in moving society from the fetid to the dank.

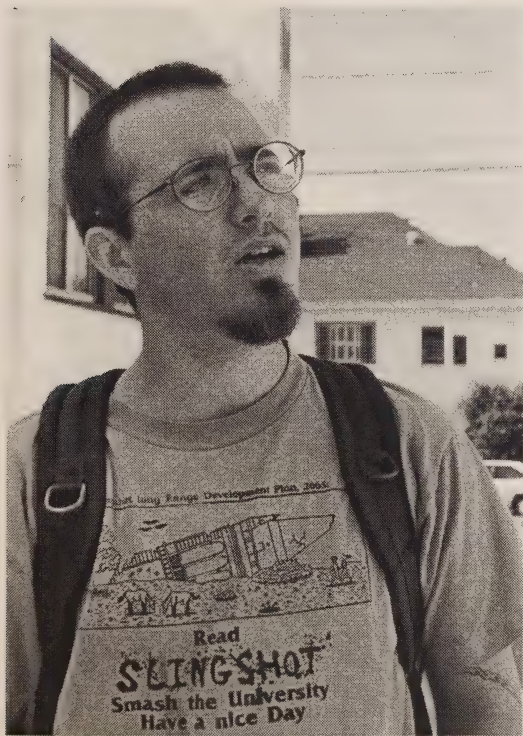
## Marcus

I started doing Food Not Bombs years ago, back in New York City. We had a couple of small pots, a small amount of funds, and four or five volunteers. But we got the meal out anyway, serving thirty to forty people every Sunday. Eventually I escaped from New York, making my way out to the green fields of Berkeley. I knew some travelling Food Not Bombers so I immediately headed for the meal. It was beautiful. They actually had several different dishes, and the food tasted good. I started volunteering for the group, helping out whenever I was in town. Four years later and I'm living here, got a home and a job and real furniture, and I'm still helping out at FNB.

FNB is more than a soup kitchen. It's more than a social service program. It's more than charity. FNB is community. Five days a week I can head to Peoples' Park and get a filling, healthy meal. I help out when I can, and when I can't, other people fill in

the blanks. But somehow the meal appears, and FNB keeps chugging along. All sorts of people helping each other.

Sometimes I think that the food is almost a side effect of what we're doing with the group. What we're really creating is a model of sharing, a way of living based on love instead of greed. I'm glad to be part of it, glad to call myself a member of Food Not Bombs.





## Rebecca

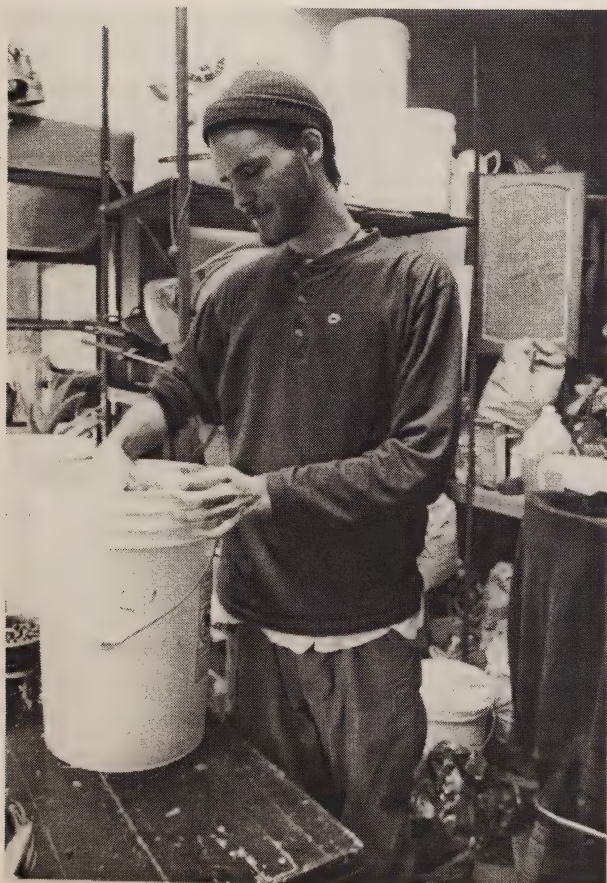
Marjoram, oh how I love marjoram! It is my favorite herb, but do you want to know what my favorite spice is? It is a very special one: the Food Not Bombs spice! This spice is a collection of textures and tastes, aromas and activism. It does not discriminate and can be used in any situation, anywhere, any time! What's it about? Freedom, equality, peace, justice, health and happiness. Where does it come from? Hard work, cooperation, generosity, creativity and positive action. It will make your mouth tingle, your stomach rumble, and you will walk away from a meal sprinkled with the Food Not Bombs spice a little lighter, a little healthier, and hopefully a lot happier.



## Jason

When I moved to Oakland, I didn't know anybody except the 2 people I live with. After going through months of depression from being lonely, I decided to get active & become involved with other like-minded people working toward social change. I knew of Food Not Bombs before I moved here from seeing info about them at Gilman. I thought not only would I meet cool, interesting people & have fun (which I have) but that I would be involved in something that brings homelessness & poverty out in the open. Something which shows that, unless we get off our lazy asses, people are going to continue to go hungry & not have housing. As I write this the national average age of a homeless person is 9 years old. This is

why Food Not Bombs is so important. Food Not Bombs, by working with other activist organizations, providing food for demonstrations & other gatherings, has also helped to raise my awareness about other issues that plague our society. What better way to build family than to share food?





## Elisa



I used to feel that my life was destined to the wretchedness of groveling all day just to keep a roof over my head. My mom's iron will, though, made a beautiful garden out of that little patch of ground in the front of our funky-ass apartment, with sunflowers clamoring of hope and joy. All her hard work, holding things together, and still the eviction and still not quite getting by. In the past few years I've realized what a huge force she has been in my life and that all of the activist work that I do would be meaningless if it didn't address the kinds of needs she had



as a mother, busting ass to get by and raise a family.

I used to wander around the UC, angry because I was stressed out about money, and so I'd go to People's Park to chill out. The Berkeley community had become like a family for me and the Park like a sense of home. Not in a four walls way but as a space where people are together and genuinely give a shit. At the memorial for Bob Sparks I looked around and realized that most of these people who kept my spirit going back in my early Berkeley days in 89 and 90 were all people that I met around People's Park in gatherings, in work, in vigils, in riots in the middle of the night. A place where we would do things together towards our common goal of social change in the everyday, our diverse visions all going in the same general direction. People would wind up in the Park looking for something, with our hopes, needs, problems, desperation, political ideas and mainly with our desire to be with other people connected in some way.

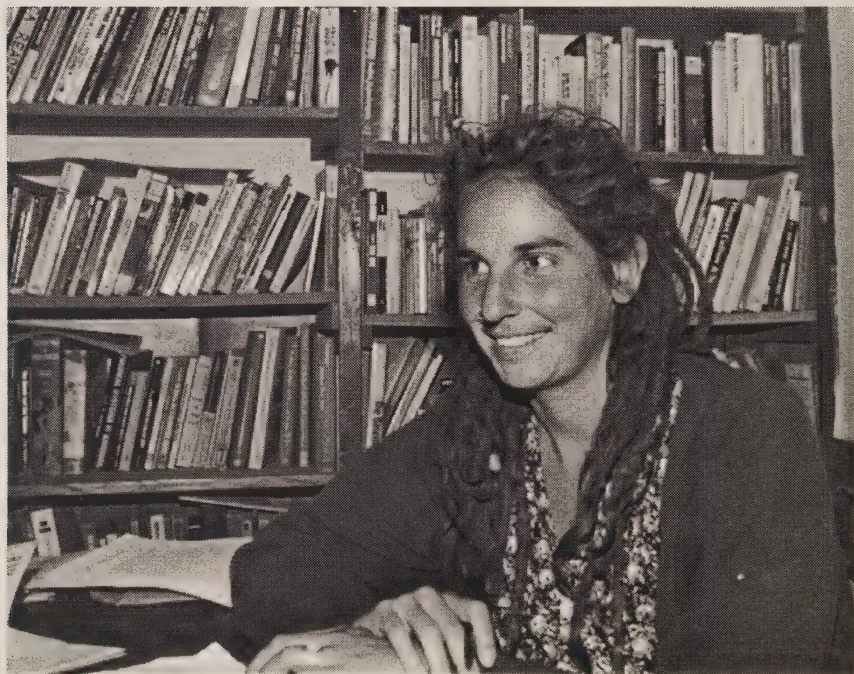
Then Stephen told me about Food Not Bombs starting and soon I got involved. No matter how scattered the scene around the Park would get at least there would always be food, a tangible, constant thing, bringing us back down to earth.

I love Food Not Bombs because the idea makes so much sense. Any talk about political vision starts out with how these ideas will put food on the plate and a roof over the family. Food Not Bombs is one of the most meaningful things I do because it shows us how we can take care of our basic needs and keep our heads together. As a community we can do so much together. We're talking about nothing less than survival of the spirit. When we come together in friendship around our needs and desires we are doing one of the most important things. We're breaking down the isolation. I love Food Not Bombs because it is an idea that I see working everyday.

## Terri Compost

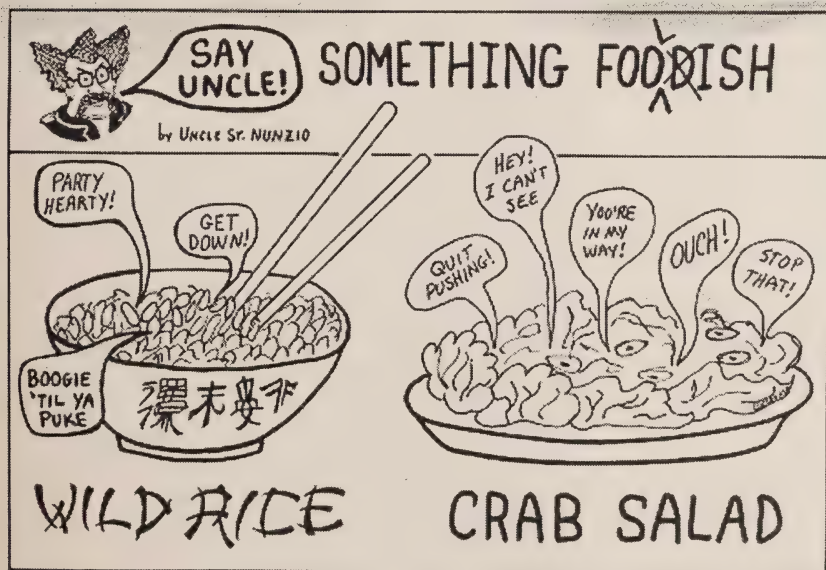
My first job when I turned sixteen was at McDonald's. Why, I wanted to know, couldn't we give all those hamburgers that we threw away to the dog pound? Because of "insurance," they told me. It was my first glimmer of a system fueled by greed, insanity and a death wish, all of which made less sense the more I learned about hamburgers, insurance, nuclear weapons, anti-perspirants - you name it.

But Food Not Bombs does make sense. FOOD, NOT BOMBS. Get it? Let's use our resources to make life better. And it's so tangible. We don't just meet to talk about organizing to stop hunger. We cook food and give it away. And we preserve society's resources. Think about a head of lettuce. Think about the topsoil lost, the poisons used, the water diverted, the labor needed to breed, plant, tend, harvest, ship, and sell this head of lettuce. Think about the environmental impacts of most agri-business techniques, of the trucking, the packaging. Think



of the consolidation of corporate power this lettuce may (or may not) represent. And after all that it could be sent to the landfill just because of brown edges. Enter Food Not Bombs, recyclers extraordinaire, transforming would be garbage into nourishment. Tasty! Healthy! Smart!

There's more to praise: the volunteers, the free economy, consensus decision making, organizing, farming, local business, support for demonstrations, down home fun, and composting! Food Not Bombs becomes what a community makes it. It's a model for working together to get everyone fed.





## Tristan



In 1991 I was visiting Berkeley, spending a nice sunny day in People's Park, and a picnic showed up. It was a wonderful day. The month after that I moved to Berkeley and soon got involved in East Bay Food Not Bombs. Everyone taught me how to cook, and there were always plenty of dishes for me to do.

We weren't just fighting for a better world, we were beginning to create it. We didn't feed people out of pity, we fed ourselves and our friends and had a fun time. Then I was homeless for two and a half years but through Food Not Bombs we had created a whole community that took care of ourselves. The more I gave to Food Not Bombs the more I got back and I knew I was making a positive change in the world and helping hundreds of people.

So if you're broke and starving or have a million dollars in your pocket come over to People's Park and enjoy a sunny day with interesting conversation and good food.

## Tom

Food Not Bombs – Why? The family of 3 walking the deserted Sunday streets since Friday night – without a hot meal and nowhere to go. Why? Feeling helpless but hopeful that there is SOMETHING we can do. Why? Why does Food Not Bombs have to exist? That is the bigger question. Thousands of people are hungry throughout the world, yet we bomb the shit out of ‘rogue nations,’ or stockpile tons of grains and watch it turn to compost. Oh, but we ship expired Jello off to a starving desert nation to show how much the US really cares, with a healthy tax write off so corporations will participate. Why does the simple act of ladling soup into a cup become a revolutionary action? My awareness of how fucked we really

are has greatly increased ever since my first Sunday cook day: You mean to tell me all of this food was to go to the dumpster?



Food Not Bombs has given something more important than food to me – it has given back a community with love, with friendship, with learning, with hope.

## Terry



My own association with Food Not Bombs has its roots in my acquaintance with Judy Foster. During my first year in Berkeley, in the 1980's, I had a work-study job as a dishwasher at the divinity school where Judy was then the head of food service. One of my fellow students that year, a retired Marine sergeant, taught me how to clean a kitchen "like a Marine." I didn't realize at the time how useful that skill would prove to be.

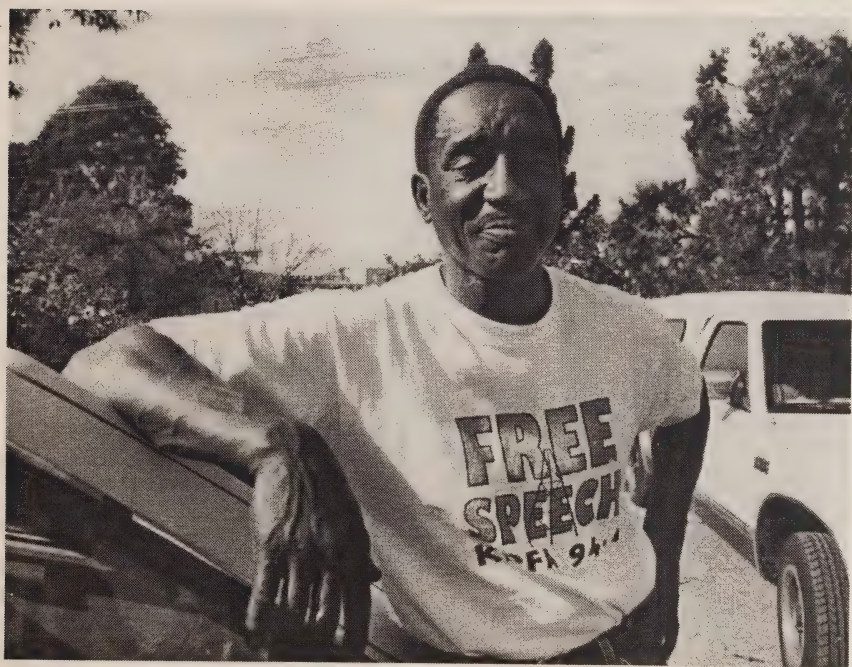
Earlier, when I had been the co-ordinator of a church soup kitchen project in Ohio, I had soon realized that, in addition to the obvious service to our guests, participation was a means of transformation for our volunteers. The easy work of opening cans, stirring pots, and greeting strangers with a friendly face became a way of cultivating that quality Confucians call "human heartedness" and which helps to make the world, iota by iota, more habitable. Gradually, a respect and concern for our



guests replaced what had often been an indifference or unfamiliarity or fear or misconception or, occasionally, a perhaps unconscious hostility or contempt. Bit by bit, pound of donated bread by pound of donated bread, as our weekly meal became a habit, strangers became less strange and our hearts had a chance to grow a bit bigger.

When years later I now come once a week to help to clean Judy's kitchen "like a Marine" after it has been the scene of a group culinary endeavor of intensity and skill, it's not just for the sake of our friends in the Park. It's also for my own transformation, a chance, perhaps, one jot and tittle at a time, for our hearts to grow a little bit bigger, a little more human, and for the world to grow a bit more whole through food rather than bombs.

## Larry



## Helen

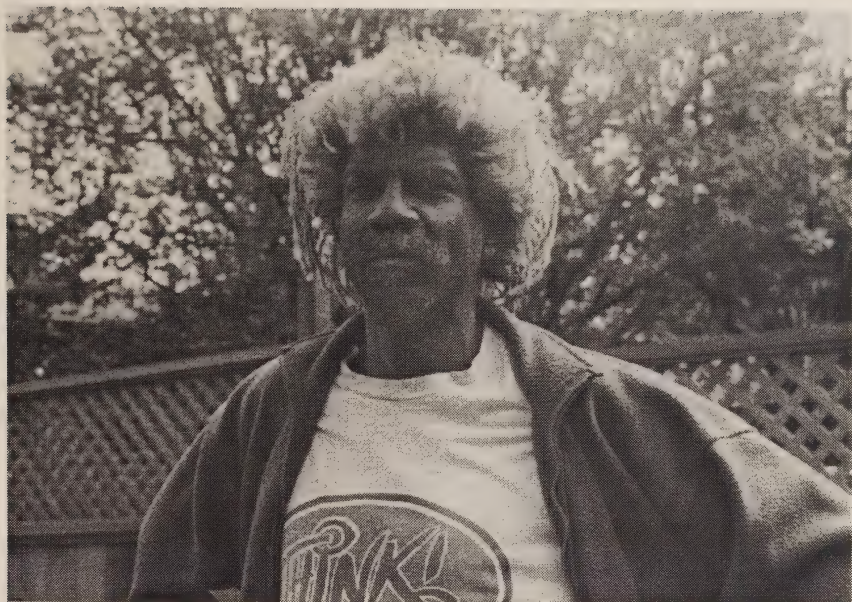


## Yukon





# Tom



# Stewart





## Cary

Our need for love and care, and our response to this need in others, make up a rich part of our lives. In an exchange truly grounded in love, each of us is both giver and receiver, ready to help and accept help. Neither pride nor fear keeps us from the unconditional love and care of God manifested through others. Neither comfort nor self-centeredness blinds us to need in others.

From a Quaker advice

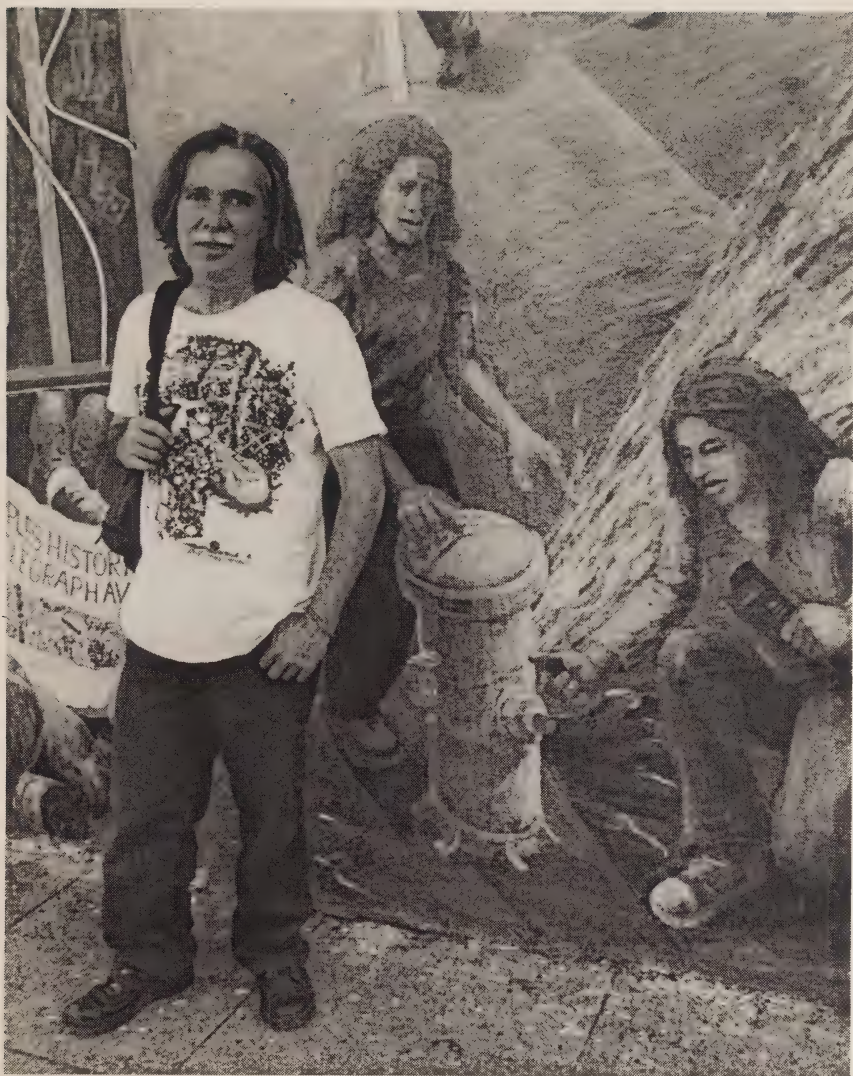
...it takes a lot of things to change the world:  
 Anger and tenacity,  
 Science and indignation,  
 The quick initiative, the long reflection,  
 The cold patience and the infinite perseverance,  
 The understanding of the particular case and the understanding of the ensemble:

Only the lessons of reality can teach us  
 to transform reality.

Bertolt Brecht



## Teddy



Working with FNB has awoken parts of my mind and spirit that I wasn't even aware were part of me.



## Alex



I first started cooking Food Not Bombs on Sundays. Chopping vegetables, learning to cook for a hundred people, being dependable and depended upon and respected and useful, and doing it all amongst friends, with Free Radio Berkeley playing and Elisa dancing around the kitchen ... good times for sure.

There's this sense of incarnation, of coming together each week and forming ourselves as a body recognizing and refining our political and functional identity. Good cook-day crews have that, too, their own identity and dynamics and politics. It's very interesting to feel a part of something. It's like being alive, or being home.

Yeah, Food Not Bombs is great.



## Ian

I know that even if I should never cook and serve again, my time with Food Not Bombs will have forever changed me for the better. The positive energy, the camaraderie, the real revolution, and the amazing food that make up Food Not Bombs will never cease to amaze me. Paz.



## Stefan



I've been doing FNB now for about 2 1/2 years. I was around the age of 13 when I came to the serving at Oakland. The idea of helping other people seemed like something that I had the time for. I was one of the youngest FNB'ers helping out, which to some people found very strange. It really never got in my way when people reacted to my young age.

Spending my Sundays cooking has been such a positive thing for me to do. I'd meet so many cool people at the serving, people who would tell me the most amazing things. As a young person I see things from many perspectives, and at the serving I see very strong points of view. Working with the Sunday crew is always enjoyable, I meet new people all the time.

## Eric





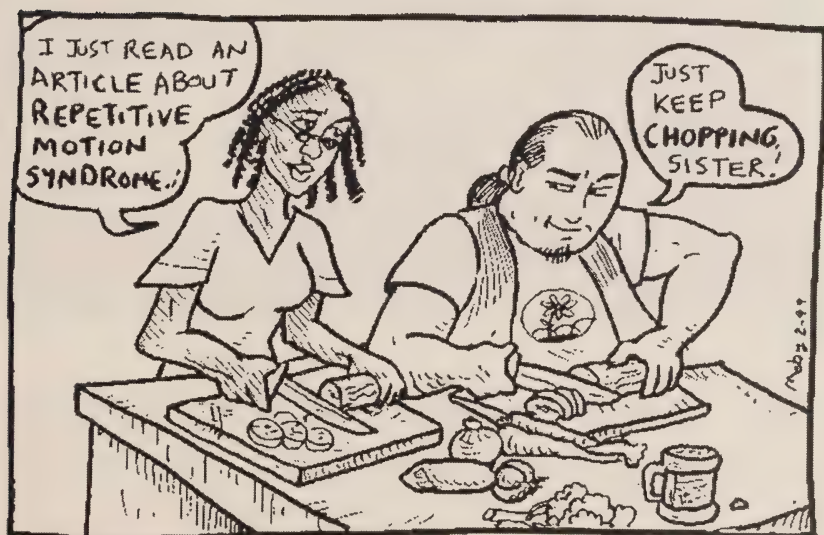
## Jill



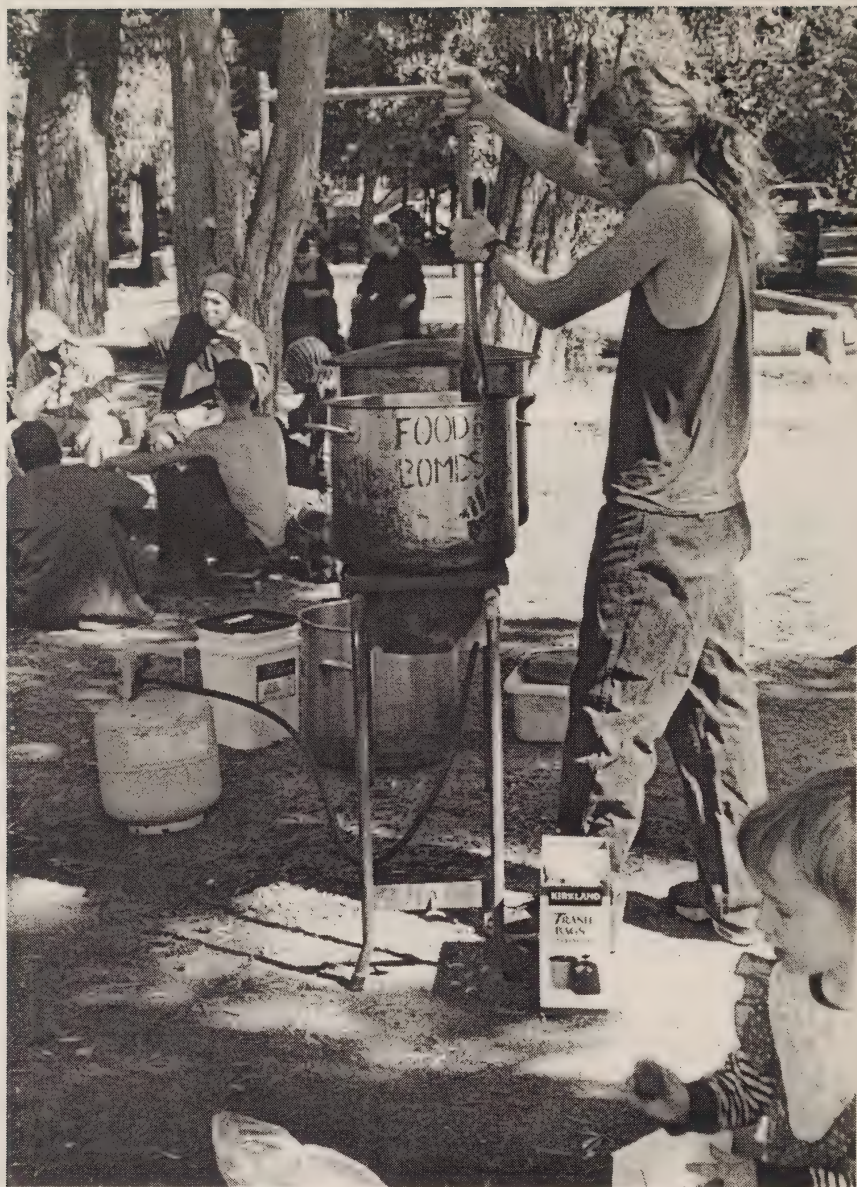
I arrived in Berkeley soggily distraught. I was running from abuse and my daughter, a U.C. Berkeley student, was on a dangerous precipice. She was being evicted from her apartment and had no funds. This eviction would make her homeless. We managed to scrounge together enough money for rent. Food and winter clothing became a big problem.

We could get free clothes and food at People's Park a couple of blocks away but I was very afraid to

go there because there were rumors that the park was a dangerous place. Hunger and cold won out, though, and I started to bravely stand in line for free food. The vegetarian meals prepared by Food Not Bombs volunteers were healthy and hardy. They freely allowed me to bring containers of food home. The people involved in Food Not Bombs were hard working, honest and willing to freely share the fruits of their labor. The clothes in the Free Box helped weather the winter season. I began to realize the deep impact this enduring, spontaneous action has on the lives of the people on the street, the disabled and the housed working poor. I decided to contribute my energy to this group and I joined.







“The destiny of human rights is in the hands  
of all our citizens in all our communities”

Eleanor Roosevelt













East Bay Food Not Bombs

The Long Haul

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